

THE NEW PLAY

"Anna Karenina"

Driven to Death

By Bad Acting.

AT 11.30 last night all that remained of Tolstoy's Anna Karenina was mercifully killed by the Herald Square express, running on a Russian schedule and furnishing its own sparks. This Lincoln-Carter-like tragedy, however, did not prevent Miss Virginia Harned from climbing out of the wreck almost as good as new and smiling good night through her tears.

A long trail of tears marked Miss Harned's course through the five acts of trouble with which a generous management had provided her. After the first act her emotion was constantly on tap and train-time found her face so swollen that death under the wheels must have been welcomed as a pleasant massage. One thing is certain, the real Anna Karenina would have cut Miss Harned's dead.

Tolstoy's novel, Shubertized by Mr. Thomas W. Broadhurst and emotionalized by Miss Harned, would scarcely have been recognized by the Count himself. The play bore the unmistakable mark of having been made to order by a sort of Russian Progress had begun its deadly work on the strength of Edmond Gouffaud's version of the Tolstoy novel, which made an impression on Paris. Mr. Broadhurst showed no little skill and dramatic ingenuity in handling the long, disjointed story, but he was given little assistance by the actors and even less by the stage manager.

Tolstoy's study of the "grand passion" that writhes the helpless and vacillating Anna through a dream of happiness to a tragic death by suicide is psychological, almost physiological in its realism, and behind it looms a grim figure—a sort of Russian Nemesis—meaning to say that love which depends upon passion alone will ruin all that it touches.

But on the stage that sort of thing doesn't go at all rate it didn't go last night except for one scene in which Anna figuratively threw her lover in her husband's face, and Karenin brought her back to him by compelling their child to call for its mother. This was good, moving melodrama, and Miss Harned and Mr. John Mason, as Karenin, played it for all it was worth.

Mr. Broadhurst may deserve the credit, or censure, for the departures from the novel, but from all accounts he has improved upon the French version in many respects. Whether the adaptation has been altered since it left his hands remains for others to say, but there is certainly a vulgarization of characters for which some one is responsible. First of all, Anna's worldly, conciliatory, almost contemptuous long-suffering husband is transformed into a jealous, bluebeard-like sort of person who almost strangles her in his attempt to learn whether she loves the young officer Vronsky, and finally traps her with a lie by telling her that Vronsky has been killed in the steppe.

Perhaps all this had to be done for the sake of a "strong scene," but it is done at the expense of Karenin, who is changed from a world-weary, slightly cynical and very tolerant husband to a willfully jealous brute who is even more melodramatic than Othello.

As for Anna, she hasn't even the excuse of a second child—Vronsky's—for running off with her lover. She is sentimentalized into the usual "arranged" heroine, suspected by everybody (it was painful to watch the bad actors who gave her hard looks) by her husband, and robbed of her boy. Therefore she is justified in trotting off with her lover. Such is the logic of the stage as demonstrated at the Herald Square Theatre.

It was perhaps not Mr. Mason's fault that he did not realize Karenin. He probably did what he was told to do—and he did it very well. Mr. Robert Warwick was so wooden as Vronsky that it seemed a miracle he wasn't broken into splinters when he took his off-stage tumble in the horse race. The one really satisfactory character was the Prince Stephen Oblonsky of Mr. Albert Gray, who caught the irresponsible quality of Anna's brother without any apparent effort. Master Foster Williams, though a bit too precocious as little Sergei, also helped to lighten the general gloom. After her one telling scene with Karenin, Miss Harned abandoned herself to the ham-kick school of acting—tears, sniffles, and more tears. Her visit to the boy was like going back to the sad, wet days of "East Lynne," except that Miss Harned wore gorgeous fur instead of green goggles. As for the acting of the rest of the cast, it was enough to drive Anna to suicide.

CHARLES DARNTON.

The Soldier of Fortune and the Slave Princess Struggle for a Strange Prize.

Arethusa

A Princess in Slavery.

By F. Marion Crawford

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
The scene is laid in Constantinople in 1810. Zoe, a Greek princess, whose parents died in her infancy, is a slave in order to save from beggary the wife and children of the Constantinopolitan nobleman who brought her up as his adopted daughter. Zoe, a beautiful girl, is sold by her father to a Greek slave dealer, to Carl Zeno, a Venetian soldier of fortune. Zeno and his wife are irresistibly attracted toward each other. An astrologer named Goriola calls during Zeno's absence and through the agency of Carl's secretary, Omobono, begs Arethusa to use her influence with Zeno to enlist the latter in a desperate enterprise to rescue the throne of the former emperor, John, who has been deposed, imprisoned and superseded by his son, Alexander. She warns Zeno of the subject of the conspiracy, and by persuading him to join the cause, she secures his interest in the imperial throne. Zeno, hearing that Zeno is paying court to Glaukias, a Venetian girl, she learns that Glaukias and the latter's father are coming to Constantinople with Zeno, and while talking with Goriola, she brings up the topic of the proposed banquet.

CHAPTER IX.

A Slave's Advice.

"SOMETHING has happened," Zeno said at last with great conviction.
"Really?" Zoe pretended surprised interest. "What?" she asked with affected eagerness.
"You understand me perfectly," he replied with a shade of sternness, for he was growing tired of her mood.
She glanced at him sideways, as a woman does when she hears a man's tone change suddenly, and she is not sure what he may do or say next.
"You do not make it easy to understand you, my lord," she said, after a instant's hesitation.
"The matter is simple enough. I find

"You in a bad humor!" Zoe broke in, with a woman's diabolical facility in interrupting a man just at the right moment for her own advantage. "I was never in a better temper in my life!"
To prove this, she took a bird and some salad, and smiled sweetly at her plate, leaving him to prove his assertion, but he did not fall into the trap. "Then you are not easy to live with," he observed, bluntly. "I am glad it is over."

A Woman's Obstinacy.

"Do take some of this salad!" suggested Zoe. "It is really delicious!"
"To-morrow," Zeno said, without paying any attention to her recommendation. "I shall have a few guests at dinner."
"I should advise you to give them a salad exactly like this," answered Zoe. "It could not be better!"
"I am glad you like it. I leave the fare to Omobono. It is about another matter that I have to speak."

"You need not," Zoe laughed carelessly. "I know what you are going to say. Shall I save you the trouble?"
"I do not see how you can guess what it is!"
"Oh, easily! You do not wish your friends to see me, and you are going to order me not to look out of the window when they come. Is that it?"
"Yes—more or less—" Zeno was surprised.

"Yes, that is it," laughed Zoe. "But it is quite useless, sir. I shall most certainly look out of the window, unless you lock me up in another room, and as for your doing that, I will yield only to force!"
A Declaration of Independence.
She laughed again, much amused at the dilemma in which she was placing him. And indeed, he did not at first know how to answer her declaration of independence.

The Best Fun of the Day by Evening World Humorists

New York Thro' Funny Glasses

By Irvin S. Cobb.
(From the *Disappointment Magazine*.)

IN this month's issue of our magazine we print positively the greatest poem that was ever published. The author is Mr. George Platedware, of the Psychopathic Ward. He has succeeded in leaving hell upon the page, and wrote this great and moving epic, but was subsequently recaptured and returned to the padded-cell department.

The title of this great poem is one which in every way matches the theme. It is called "The Souse of Sloppery." The poem sounds just like the name, only more so. It starts with these words:

"Dany, meeny, miny mo! The blue-eyed vampire's on the blink,
And Satan yawning on his brazen seat. Say, do you blame him?"

The poem continues in the same general strain for about a mile and a quarter. Such a work could never have been written by Wordsworth, or Keats, or Shelley, or Williams and Walker, or any of that bunch. To produce such lines as those just quoted the author must have been fairly lit up and overflowing with inspiration, or something.

We take pleasure in announcing that we will shortly publish a second poem from the same gifted pen, to be written just as soon as the authorities feel justified in allowing Mr. Platedware the use of his hands. It is to be entitled "The Wobbling of the Wampus, or, the Dulleker of the Dingbat."

Later—we open the forms to announce that Mr. Ambrose Pierce, the well-known journeyman poet, also thinks this is the greatest poem that was ever written, with the possible exception of one written some years ago by his favorite author—A. Pierce. Mr. Pierce does his thinking exclusively in order for this magazine. He is therefore an unbiased judge.

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And lo! the palpitating want ad, steals a-bend, and leaves behind
An aching void like unto a crimsoned drop—ditch dropped—
And so the poor dog had none!"

This verse—the ninety-third from the top, and therefore the one hundred and fourth from the bottom—starts out softly, as it were, and gently, with a cadence such as the fall of a job of Worcesterware sauce into the troubled vortex of a clabbered Welsh rhyddol, and then, as it runs on and on, like a summer cold, the images of it seem to trip you and you are swept away in a delirium of feverish fantasy, while ever before your mind's eye the flash, fleeting pictures of the return of the Haffen Club from an outing, and a spontaneous combustion in a setting of curdled duck eggs and a side-view of Senator Clark's new house seen in a flash of blue lightning, from a cab window while riding home in a cab with an armload of bones.

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printed in the *Disappointment Magazine* (5 cents, at all newsstands, add 10 to the GREATEST American poem that was ever PRODUCED.)
WE do not agree with Mr. Pierce.
WE are inclined to award the PALM to one of OUR own IDIOTICALS.
However, we will let OUR readers decide for themselves. WE will cheerfully send sample copies of the poem, free of charge, upon receipt of SEVEN CENTS, plus cost of postage and the magazine.
In the meantime WE will print criticisms of Mr. Platedware's poems of Hesia Heeler Blitico, Horrible Hix and other eminent authorities whom WE are in position to reach by opening OUR office door and yelling the name.

Boarding House Fables.

By Joseph A. Flynn.

"JUDGING from the pile of trunks I saw in the Grand Central Station, a number of people must be returning to the city," I remarked to Tess yesterday.
"Yes, they're coming back, and they're glad to go back," she replied, throwing a happy draught by closing the dining-room window behind my back. "Old summer is rolling down the road, and freckles and souvenir pins are seen everywhere. For the next two weeks many a wife will be boss on the job in the baby-dog act all over the house, disturbing sleeping snout and about a foot of daisies left on the new dining-room carpet by John's friends."

"You can easily tell all the merry villagers have come back to the nest, for everybody wants to make a lightning touch to invest his new fall risk and even baby's bank, given him by grandma, and which was not to open its mouth until he voted, has been strangled good and hard with the hammer until it coughed up its tin."

"Vacation time is over now, and everybody will settle back in their seat, another year, and once a month get cobwebs in the brain looking over the picture sister took of Peter standing on his ear in the hay, mother at the old well, and Susie on New cow's back. Everybody will be gazing about the ten-dollar joy storm—these run up against at Daphnubur, where sometimes as many as two carriages crawled past the house in one week, and they'll punch your ticket good and hard with quiet one about all the change dispensers they bumped into, while the smiling pill-rollers in the corner will get a cramp in both arms and overwork the till handing out sure cures for taking the Santa 'How-Do-You-Do' off arms and necks."

"Now all the keepers of the summer barns will fish their best red tie, and celluloid collar out of the safe, take themselves by the hand down to our charming village, get desperate, blow in two bones on nickel cigars, and rub their paws together and smile as they watch us on the daily show, working up."

"The best part of a vacation is the coming back. I never yet loosened up, so satisfied with in summer till I got the New Moon Gas perfume of the North River, and when my feet felt the asphalt again and I heard the clang clang of the trolleys as they passed an old lady shaking her fist at them on the corner. I knew I was home."

"When you get the crickets out of your think factory, and turn your head around, ain't we a lot of woe to take all the cabbage that come our way?"
"We drag ourselves away like a wet sponge from our little cozy corner and change cars six times to Frydell, with two mails every three weeks; roll our lovely orbs over meekly right out of the can that morning; let hungry mosquitoes play Thanksgiving Day with our good red blood; get malaria and fever; ruin our hard-earned lawn covers on the home-made roads; almost break our necks and a couple of commitments wrestling with our dusty-duffy every night in front of half a glass built before the Flood; try to see what we look like in a seven-dollar smoke foundry, and come back to the city with a smile from nobody but the doctor, druggist and undertaker."

"But, if people don't derive any pleasure from it, why do they go away?" I asked, rising hurriedly to get out of the range of the butter, and marvelling at its strength.

"So as to be able to talk about it in snowball time," she replied, giving me a knowing wink as the lady of the house tipped into the room to watch the death struggles of Monday's hash.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

Cheese Balls.
HEAT the cheese until melted to the consistency of chewing gum, then mold to the shape of an oval, bon bon and press a nut meat in centre.

Bean Salad.
AN appetizing salad can be made from cooked navy beans left over from a meal. Chop a small onion into the beans; add a little pepper and vinegar to taste.

Southern Corn Chowder.
ONE quart of raw sweet corn add one pint of stewed potatoes, salt pork cut in inch cubes, two onions, one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of white pepper, one large tablespoonful of butter, one pint of milk, six crisp crackers, and one pint of sliced tomatoes. Scrape the raw corn from the cobs. Boil the cobs twenty minutes in water enough to cover them; then skim off the fat, and add the potatoes, salt pork, and the salt pork fat, and then strain the fat into the kettle with the corn